

AUTUMN 1993 ] <sup>9/5</sup>  
                                  <sub>12/12</sub>

WRITINGS 40

"26.5"



33-342 11x8½ 150 Sheets 3 Dividers College Ruled

\$2.89



SN265668



W40



21/10  
11/249  
Scribblings was to include all writings in one project with several topic categories.

Whereas I have created a more clear system by making one notebook the "diary", the other two APPENDIXES.

My "work" is not my job.

My "work" is not literature, art, ~~or~~ nor academic.

My "work" is not "work" at all.

My "notebooks" are not even diaries, per se.

If my Notebooks are not work and are not diaries, what exactly are they?

I want to be clear about this. As I write these words, as I verbalize the Thoughts "coming to mind", I am a process; I and I am IN A PROCESS.

My notebooks are processes.

If my notebooks are a process, to what end?



9/11/7

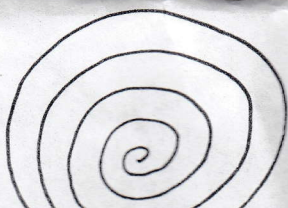
Face it, to be frustrated by the universe and the human condition is an intelligent semantic reaction; and I naturally wish to endure this frustration with the least discomfort and anxiety possible.

The process of writing (verbalizing) my cognitions and emotions in a series of notebooks is an attempt to nurture the practice of REFLECTION, CONTEMPLATION, MEDITATION, PSYCHOANALYSIS, etc... so as not to "take existence" too personally; but to objectively contemplate upon the true nature of existence, and to minimize discomfort and anxiety by eliminating "demands that the universe should be other than it actually is."

This does not mean I have to like it or be grateful for it. This simply means that I recognize and perceive and KNOW its true nature, and then endure it as best I can.

Now. The process of verbalizing my cognitive and emotive reactions is in our culture called "a diary".

This term does not suit me at all. My notebooks are an extension of my memory. My notebooks are a MANIFESTATION of COGNITION.





Also, the process of writing these notebooks  
is conducive to SANITY!

Sanity and serenity are related, but  
they are not synonymous.

Is it good (conducive to self-preservation)  
to be serene in the midst of  
life threatening danger?

Well, panic strickeness is certainly not.  
May be clear headedness is more  
synonymous with sanity than I  
expected.

It seems to be an unrealistic goal,  
to be serene, calm, and sane in  
every situation. I know my own  
memory contains many occurrences  
in which I was paranoid,  
in a rage, a fit, a temper  
tantrum, etc...

Wouldn't one be like a robot if he  
did not become upset by insults,  
attitudes, etc...?

We are giving "Labels" more value  
than they have. NO. Insults  
are confrontations and challenges  
us to defend our honor.  
Can we not defend our honor without being  
upset and emotional?



9/11/9

I was interrupted by a phone call from Mark Snyder who was seeking some support and counsel on his journey through this PROCESS of existence.

Sherry wants me to come downstairs with her, so I will cut this short.

At this point, I have decided to stop calling my notebooks diaries, and to begin calling them NOTEBOOKS OF VERBALIZED THOUGHT PROCESSES, and the two others are "notes on math" and "notes from Schopenhauer's doctrine".

As for these notebooks being a process, the verbalized thought processes lead to dynamic awareness of my state of mind - psychoanalysis.

I would like to continue this "session", but I am compelled to spend time with Sherry lest she confront me with threats of "her going out so as to escape being lonely in my presence".

This is a fair compromise as we are in many ways partners - We bond daily.

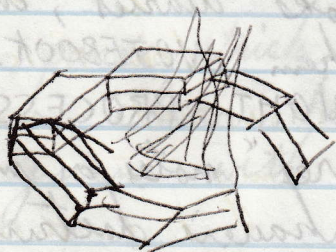


12 September 1993

M<sub>3250</sub>.

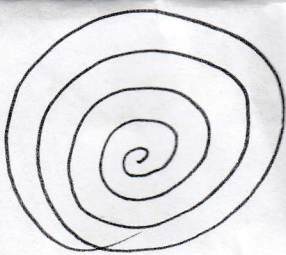
10:15 PM

After work I built a fire pit in the back yard. I moved the picnic table near the pit, collected wood from the pile behind the potato cellar, and sat by a fire with Sherry until 9 PM.



It is built on a slightly higher ground, and the view of the sunset is good. I am pleased to have finally made a fire pit, as this dwelling place I dwell in back here has the potential to be a sanctuary.

I expect tomorrow to be pleasant, a trip to the Crossing, some batwinging around the house, and possibly gathering more wood for the pit.



NO PRESSURE.



9/15,

15 September 1993

8PM

3254

Sherry came by the shop at 3PM, and we got along fine. I told her that she is welcome to live with me, but that I think it is better if she live with her parents out of respect.

Her mother called me tonight, as I left word with Craig for her to call me.

We spoke about Sherry returning to school, and how this will effect our relationship. I was taken aback, and at the same time I used self restraint, when Lil explained how she felt about Sherry doing chores at my house.

She said that Sherry is not my wife and should not be cleaning my house or doing my laundry.

Excuse me, but Sherry is doing her laundry, cleaning up her mess. Her fucking mother doesn't live here. I almost became upset, but luckily I took a philosophic look at the situation.

It is clear and simple: Sherry is spoiled.

COMEDY AT LAST!



As Lil recited to me her beliefs about how Sherry should not be pressured to do her laundry, cook her dinner, clean her dishes, etc... I began to understand the situation better.

Although I wanted to ask her if she wiped the girls' ass for her, I restrained myself.

Instead, I asserted my stance calmly. Look Lil, Sherry was in fact living with me this summer, and it would not be fair for me to carry her weight, clean her mess.

That leaving dishes in the sink for mommy to clean gets fucking old when the bitch is sitting on the sofa.

I am not her mother. If Sherry requires a mother, I highly strongly suggest she live at home and follow the house rules, which are

- ① Sherry does no dishes
- ② Sherry does no laundry
- ③ Sherry's meals are prepared for her
- ④ Sherry does her school work and goes out with the girls to have "fun"
- ⑤ dating is not to interfere with school.



9/15<sub>3</sub>

- ⑥ work is not to cause Sherry stress; if it does, she quits.
- ⑦ I will not call her on the phone after midnight.

Although I am relieved of my fears of having to support Sherry <sup>soon</sup>, I am thoroughly disgusted with her mother spoiling her.

She just may spoil her to the point of no return when she would not be a suitable wife for a working man.

I will remember my talk with Lil, and I will give up trying to help Sherry face the hassles of every day existence.

As long as her mother spoils her, Sherry cannot be a suitable companion for me. We may share affection, sexual intimacy, psychological intimacy, but we cannot develop a partnership.

I will advise Sherry to return to her parents house, and to take advantage of the luxuries of being spoiled by her mother.

I will put my efforts at mating with Sherry on hold until she is ready



5.95/p

24 September 1993

4:30 PM

3264

My niece, Ashley, is allergic to my nephew's dog Ginger. My sister asked if I would take Ginger into my house, and I said yes.

If Ashley gets over her being allergic to Ginger, Ginger will return to my nephew, but until then she will live with me. I know my nephew is heartbroken, but he will be able to see Ginger whenever he wants.

Besides her food, I foresee confrontations between Sherry and I because her dog Sparkle has been staying over here with us. Which dog will have the run? Which dog will sleep in the kitchen, etc.

I will treat Ginger like a guest.

I wonder how we will adapt to this. Does Ginger have fleas? Will she bring fleas into the house?

Will Sherry not come over as much?

I cleaned the house today, and I am at peace with myself. How might I remain calm when Sherry returns?

1993.09.24



Instead of walking over to the house for some apple strudel, she calls me and wants me to bring her her orange soda and some strudel.

When I brought the strudel over, all she said was, "you didn't bring my orange soda?"

I went back to the house, and instead of coming to get her soda, she drove off like an idiot sulking.

Now we are well past the romantic stages of our relationship, and I am starting to latch on to my independence.

Imagine if we were married. She would want everything to be her way.

Well, I don't know if I am just upset, but the way I feel right now, I wouldn't marry Sherry until she grew out of her spoiledness.

Bill Albert says I am wicked for telling Sherry I am afraid I can't afford her medical bills and horse obsessions. May be the reality is that I can't afford to get married, and may be I should tell Sherry as soon as possible. Our love is already fading.



9/25.3

What would I do without Sherry? I would not meet a girl who loved me as much, so I would most likely become a recluse; and no matter how good our sexual relationship is, if I am not prepared to support Sherry, she will eventually find another man.

The thing is that I sense Sherry is now doubting our compatibility. She sees me as mean, cheap, petty. She may even think I am using her for sex and affection.

Bertrand Russell has written about such issues as these. I will read the chapters on this, and report my findings.

Russell says that young unmarried people should be given considerable freedom as long as children are avoided. At age 26, I am not prepared financially to get married; therefore Sherry and I are not using each other, but are giving affection to one another.

Bill Alpert's opinions represent conventional modes of thinking: that I should marry Sherry, support Sherry, simply because I am having sex with Sherry.



8.25/9

Likewise, simply because I have given Sherry access to my lodgings via the gate combination; house key, garage key, she expects me to guarantee that this home is hers as much as it is mine.

I believe Sherry could easily find another sexual partner, whereas I am more reclusive and shy - I would be solitary.

Will I one day regret not supporting Sherry? How could I afford it? How could I patiently sit back and be controlled by she and her mother?

There are no easy solutions. I may end up living a solitary life because of my independence.

The fact she wants to own a horse could be reason enough to give me serious doubts,

Enlightened self interest is now my guide, and I will try to treat Sherry with kindness as we figure out just what our relationship is to each of us. I want to purchase a book by Bertrand Russell.